

CARMEL PINE CONE

The Year, \$1.50 ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY The Copy, 5 cents

Devoted to the interests of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Pebble Beach, Carmel Highlands, Carmel Valley

JULY 31, 1919

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CAL.

VOL. V, NUM. 26

The Momentum

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Evening of Dancing An Artistic Success

The soft winds of the night seemed to lend their presence to the galaxy of clever dancers gathered together by Jeannette Hongland in her annual evening of interpretive dancing and fine music, given at the Forest Theatre last Saturday.

The extensive program was presented smoothly and with the large attendance was treated to many surprises, and considerable new talent was witnessed.

The Greek pastoral dance, in which ten young girls took part, was undoubtedly the best thing on the program, and the producer is to be congratulated on her achievement. The toe dancing of Jeannette Hongland was a revelation, not only to strangers but to those who have seen her dance before. Better music than that rendered by the Highlands Trio has not been heard at the Forest Theatre.

Events Scheduled

Tues'd'y, Aug. 12—An Hour of Russian Folk Songs, Arts and Crafts Hall.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 15, 16—"Romeo and Juliet," Forest Theatre.

Friday, Aug. 22—Concert by Allan Bier, Arts and Crafts Hall.

Friday and Saturday, Aug. 29 and 30—Annual Arts and Crafts play, Forest Theatre.

buy FURNITURE at Rudolph's New Monterey

Pine Needles

Clarence Urmey, dramatic and musical critic of the San Jose Mercury, and Harold Marshman, literary editor on the same journal, are here until August 1. Both gentlemen are frequent magazine contributors.

The Fowler family motored into Carmel last week, but left shortly after for Los Gatos, where Theo entered school on Monday.

Tennis Racquets and Tennis balls at Carmel News Co., L. S. Slevin, Manager.

The Sempervirens Forest play is to be produced in a natural forest theatre in California Redwood Park, Saturday, September 6. The proceeds will be expended expended for improvements in the park.

Mrs. Dr. Eckstein (Miss Francesca Bendeke), has returned from Cincinnati. She will spend the next two months here with her husband, giving violin instruction the while at the Lloyd residence. Dr. Eckstein is of the faculty of the University of Cincinnati.

Allan Bier
PIANIST

Limited number of pupils accepted

Address Carmel Postoffice

Professor and Mrs. Preston W. Search were summoned to San Francisco last Saturday. A telegram was received that morning announcing the sudden death of Mrs. Martha M. Cochran, sister of Mrs. Search.

William T. Kibbler has been named to collect funds in Carmel by the finance committee of the Peninsula Welcome Home celebration on September 9.

The new Pacific fleet, on the way to Monterey bay, where it will anchor for twenty-four hours, passes Carmel bay early on the morning of Thursday, August 14. Better retire early the night before.

Dr. George J. McChesney and wife spent the week-end here with Mrs. Sarah J. McChesney. Major McChesney served a year and a half in hospital work in England and France.

Our neighboring city, Pacific Grove, is going to maintain its lily white reputation. No more will the palmist, fortune-teller or clairvoyant "skin" those good souls. The city trustees have said so.

A goodly number of guests gathered at the home of Dr. and Mrs. C. A. McCutlough yesterday afternoon to meet their charming daughter, Mrs. Alfred Roilo.

Allan Bier, pianist, now summing here, will give a concert at Arts and Crafts Hall on the evening of Friday, August 22. Among eminent present-day pianists Mr. Bier has won a place of distinction, and the concert here among his friends should be largely attended.

We tell the truth in our messages to the buying public—Holman's.

The Doultons of Santa Barbara have purchased the Marx cottage on Camino Real (Professors Row). Now, having their own place, they will spend much more time here than heretofore.

Under the direction of Supervisor J. L. D. Roberts, 150,000 fish from the State Hatchery at Sisson's have been placed in the upper Carmel River and nearby streams.

William J. Neidig, formerly an instructor at Stanford, now a successful magazine writer, was here for a few days last week. He met a number of the writer folks.

You are protected by a \$10,000 accident bond when you travel in Carmel Garage Stages. We are responsible.—C. O. Gould.

The Hardys left for their home in Piedmont on Tuesday, and today the Hoopers are off for the city. By next summer both families may have homes of their own here.

After an absence of nearly two years in Duluth, Minnesota, where she was head of a large girls school, Miss Eunice T. Gray has returned to Carmel. Many friends and relatives here may determine her to remain some time.

Another daughter has come to gladden the home of the Andrew Werner Lawsons. Our Mrs. Lawsons is pleased to be a second-time grandmother.

The Western Drama Society SUMMER FESTIVAL

Friday and Saturday, August 15 and 16

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DICE of DESTINY

By
Jackson Gregory

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Senor don Antonio de la Guerra, wealthy Spanish ranch owner on the American side of the Mexican border, is informed by his American attorney that a technical error has been found in his will. The senor signs a new document without reading it.

CHAPTER II—Teresa, only grandchild of the senor, finds evidence of a struggle in the library and her grandfather missing. The belief is that the senor has been carried across the border by Mexican rebels. Billy Stanway, Teresa's sweetheart, takes command of the situation and orders the servants and vaqueros to arm themselves.

CHAPTER III—Stanway, with twenty men, starts in pursuit of the rebels. They meet Eduardo Ramon Torre, kinsman of Teresa, who has been wounded, he claims, by the escaping rebels.

CHAPTER IV—Stanway loses the rebels' trail and returns to the hacienda. Teresa shows him the copy of the new will which she has found and which leaves all the property to Torre.

CHAPTER V.

The Game Begins.

Teresa de la Guerra's face went red and white, and Torre, seeing, smiled.

She heard in the words only an insult to her beloved papa grande, knowing as she so well knew that of all men the old Spaniard hated his arrogant young kinsman most implacably.

"We don't understand," she said presently, turning her back upon the man at table and addressing Stanway. "Perhaps Captain Juarez' call will clear matters for us. Will you come with me, Senor Stanway?"

Torre's face darkened as he watched them go out together.

In the drawing room, in much worn uniform bespeaking his rank, a very broad, heavy-set Mexican, swarthy, hard-featured, keen-eyed, was waiting. He bowed deeply as they entered.

"Senorita," he said briskly, his eyes disregarding Stanway and resting upon the girl's face in a keen regard. "It is an unpleasant duty which brings me here this morning."

"Be seated," she said quietly, going to a chair. "But first, Captain Juarez, this is my friend, Senor Stanway of the Painted Rock rancho."

The two men bowed coolly. Stanway remained standing near the girl's chair, while Juarez sat down.

"We of poor Mexico," said the captain shortly, "are fighting hard for a dear cause. We sacrifice ourselves, our hopes, our homes for the thing we love most, senorita."

"And that is our country. We do things which we do not like to do simply because it is our duty to take any opportunity which chance gives us to free the neck of our land from the foot of the tyrant."

Teresa bowed.

"And you have called this morning; you have crossed the border—"

"At the behest of a Mexican's duty. Senorita, your grandfather is well and sends his love to you."

"Tell me," she cried, impetuously, "where is he?"

"Many miles beyond the border," he answered succinctly. "In the hands of friends—if he accedes to our demands," significantly.

"And those demands?" curiously.

"I have not as yet made of him," returned the captain. "Allow me to explain, senorita. I know Senor de la Guerra, if not personally at least very well by repute. I know that he does not love my Mexico, and that he is

very stubborn.

"Our cause needs money and he has it in great, unnecessary quantities."

"Had I made a demand upon him for a note to you, stating that he was held for ransom and urging you to pay it, I know that he would have refused. So I come straight to you, without so much as a word to him, informing you that unless the money is sent immediately—"

He broke off, shrugging his shoulders.

"You realize, senor," broke in Stanway coolly, "that this is rather an unusual sort of thing at this day? That it is not without danger to you? If the senorita were not disposed to give what you ask, if on the other hand we held you for the crime you have committed—"

Again the captain shrugged.

"It would mean imprisonment for me, or perhaps death," he answered promptly. "Things which a soldier faces every day of his life and grows to think nothing about. And—pardon me, senorita—it would mean the death of the Senor de la Guerra."

Again a little shiver trembled through the frame of the girl. Stanway, his eyes steady upon the Mexican's, was silent a moment. Finally he said, turning to Teresa:

"Before you give this gentleman his answer, senorita, may I ask for a few words with you?"

"May I interrupt again?" It was Eduardo Ramon Torre, insolent and debonaire, bowing in the doorway, a fresh, unlighted cigarette between his fingers. "Buenos dias, Senor el Capitán."

Captain Juarez stared at him fixedly, his hard eyes as insolent as those of Torre, and made no answer.

"I think, senor," went on Torre in mock courtesy, still lounging in the doorway, "that it is with me that you wish to deal. Am I not right, prima mia?" lightly to Teresa.

The girl's eyes darkened. Juarez looked from one to another curiously.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I can have business with no one except la senorita. She is the one to speak in a case like this one, since the old senor is not here to speak for himself and she is his heiress."

"Let your keen eyes rest on this," Torre drew the will from his pocket and carelessly tossed it into Juarez' lap.

The Mexican looked at it swiftly, his eye ran down the written sheet, and he started palpably when his glance rested upon the name Eduardo Ramon Torre.

"I have been misinformed," he cried, starting to his feet. "The senorita is not the heiress. It is Senor Torre who inherits!"

"Seguro," replied Torre, putting out his shapely hand for the will. "And I, senor, am that Senor Torre. Now, what do you want?"

"This is true, senorita?" Juarez whirled about, his eyes bright and hard upon Teresa's.

"You come from papa grande," she answered him guardedly. "Did he not tell you of a change in his will?"

"We did not speak," Juarez reminded her. "As I have said, I knew that it would be useless to talk with him. He knows only that he is being held; he does not know why. I know only," and he resorted to the shrug so much a part of his method of speech, "that rumor has it that you are his heiress, and this paper states that Torre inherits."

"Rumor at times is misinformed," Torre said smilingly. "You have the will and testament itself before you. If it is sufficiently plain that I and not the senorita," with an apologetic bow to Teresa, "represent my kinsman; I trust that you will state your errand concisely."

"It is this," said Juarez shortly. "El Senor de la Guerra is held by my men for ransom. Twenty thousand dollars will bring him back to you promptly, without a scratch on him. A refusal to pay will be a signal for his death."

"So," remarked Torre coolly. "It is

only twenty thousand dollars. You are modest, senor!"

"American money," Juarez added as coolly.

"American money," nodded Torre. "That is better than Mexican pesos, at any rate. It is at least less insulting to my kinsman."

Captain Juarez made no reply. Teresa and Stanway looked at each other swiftly.

Torre, smiling as though the whole matter were merely amusing, addressed himself to the girl.

"Teresa," and she flushed under the easy familiarity, "perhaps the valiant captain has not yet breakfasted. He has a long ride before him and it would be better if he should not carry away a misunderstanding of the De la Guerra hospitality. Also, while he has his coffee, you and I might discuss the situation?"

"Yes," the girl agreed slowly. "That would perhaps be best." Her hand went to the bell cord to summon Pedro. "We have just breakfasted, senor capitán. If you will go with Pedro he will see that you are served. And Senor Torre, Senor Stanway and myself can avail ourselves of the time to come to a decision."

The captain bowed, and with no hesitation turned his back on them to follow the servant to the dining room. Torre came in, sat down, crossing his legs with elaborate care to the crease in his trousers, and favored Stanway with a look which mocked openly.

"An interesting situation, is it not, senor?" he asked lightly.

"An extremely hazardous game you are playing, Torre," cried Stanway angrily.

"If?" Torre lifted his brows. "It is not I who play. It is I who watch the game."

"Watch the pawns your own fine hand has set moving!" was Stanway's heated retort. "Do you think that you can get away with a thing of this kind, Torre? Why, man, it smells to heaven!"

"Recriminations aside—at least shall we postpone them? There is a crisis demanding attention. Now," lifting his hand against Stanway's words, "I have a proposition to make—to you, Teresa."

"What is it?" she asked coldly.

"Merely this: As heir to the De la Guerra estate I may be a prejudiced person. You, with no personal interest," and a quick light flicked in his eyes at the girl's wincing at his words, "are the one to decide. Shall the captain's request be granted? I leave it to you, senorita. Entirely to you."

Teresa bit her lip, the color surging angrily into her cheeks. She saw the trap as plainly as did Torre, as plainly as Stanway saw it. And she did not see the answer to make.

"It is perhaps not impossible," went on Torre evenly, "that a large part of the sum mentioned is now on the premises. We all know that my kinsman has always been his own banker; that he at all times has been able to produce a large amount of gold at a moment's notice."

"Unfortunately, in answering his summons to the rancho, I came too late for him to make me cognizant of the hiding place. Perhaps you, prima mia, are better informed?"

"Perhaps," she answered him quietly, though the color still ran red in her cheeks.

"And perhaps," added Stanway significantly, "Senor Torre would be glad to have knowledge of this banco; would he glad to have the money handed over to his emissary?"

"Emissary?" Again Torre's black brows arched. "The fabrications of the American's suspicions are truly wonderful! He would suspect me of robbing myself?"

He laughed insolently. Stanway looked questioning at the girl.

"Prima mia," began Torre.

The girl whirled upon him, her eyes flashing.

"Senor Torre," she cried passionately, "you make it necessary for me to remind you that our relationship is not of my choosing, and that we are not close enough for you to call me

cousin! If you find it necessary to address me at all I should like to be addressed as Senorita de la Guerra. Please remember."

Torre flushed angrily but managed his careless smile.

"As you wish, Senorita de la Guerra," he retorted. "May I suggest something?"

"What is it?" shortly.

"Merely this: This man who calls himself Captain Juarez may be a rank impostor, as well as a scoundrel. Before even considering the matter of a ransom would it not be well to ask him to prove to us that he knows at least where our kinsman is? If you rang for Pedro again and sent him with the message—"

Teresa rang and sat in a musing silence until Pedro came.

"Pedro," she said then, "tell Captain Juarez that we are considering his proposition. Tell him further that we wish to be certain that he really comes from the senor."

Pedro bowed, withdrew, and returned almost immediately, his face strangely white, his hand shaking as he held out something to the girl.

"It is the master's ring," he said, deeply agitated. "The ring he wore always upon his left hand. Senorita, senorita," his voice choking, his eyes glistening, "you will not let them kill him?"

"No, Pedro." She took the ring, her own eyes shining. "If harm comes to him, Pedro," she went on steadily, "we shall know what to do, shall we not?"

Pedro made no spoken answer. But his eyes, suddenly hard and cruel, went straight to Torre, resting full of meaning upon him. Then, turning abruptly, the servant left the room.

"It is papa grande's ring, Senor Stanway." She ignored Torre entirely. "I am afraid that Captain Juarez speaks the truth."

Stanway stood with drawn brows, staring at the floor. The whole affair was so eloquent of rascality on the part of the debonaire, black-mustached Torre it was so inconceivable that his presence here now was not a part of dark design, so ridiculous to suppose that Antonio de la Guerra had ever really purposed disinheriting the girl who was dearer to him than daughters to most men—and yet what to do?

Suddenly Stanway bent forward, whispering swiftly, guardedly, to the girl.



And then, after Stanway had finished and stood erect again, looking down upon her, as Torre watched, his eyes narrowing suspiciously, her hand clenched, her chin squared, determination came into her men and voice.

"It is a chance, senor," she said. She rose and stood looking at him steadily, still ignoring Torre. "It is a game of dice with our destinies."

"And you will play it, senorita?" eagerly from the American.

She made a little gesture as though

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she were making something to him. "I place the dicebox in your hands. May I, Senor Billy?"

"Then," cried Stanway, "we must waste no time! Call Pedro."

She rang. Torre, still watching suspiciously, made no comment. Pedro came in his swift, silent fashion.

"Send word to Gauché to come to the house immediately," Stanway told him. "Let him bring three men with him. Let them come armed. And see that Captain Juarez does not leave the house. I shall entertain Senor Torre."

A quick light of understanding leaped up in Pedro's eyes. He turned with a brief, grunted "Bueno," and hurried on his errand.

Torre had leaped to his feet, his face crimson.

"What does this mean?" he cried sharply. "As heir to the De la Guerra estates I demand—"

"Sit down!" Stanway's voice was very cool, but it rang with an unmistakable sternness. "We are going to begin our game of dice presently. And you will do well, senor, in playing your hand to keep right on smoking and—Sit down!"

His hand moved a very little as he spoke, coming to rest upon his right hip. Torre sat down.

Continued

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Carmel Pine Cone

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED FEBRUARY, 1915
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Editor and Publisher
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Official Paper of the City
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CAL.
JULY 31, 1919

For President HIRAM W. JOHNSON

WEEKLY GREETING

The simple, straightforward way out of the mess is to drop both treaty and covenant, make a separate treaty with Germany, and then begin the study of the league business from the ground up and finally determine what kind of a league we are willing to enter.—Exchange.

After-Election Talk

Having polled 61 votes in the Ocean Avenue bond election, the "Noes" claim that the "Yeses" to have won must have had 122 votes; thus the latter, having but 97 votes, lost by 25. On the other hand, the "Yeses" claim that two-thirds of 158, the total valid vote cast, is 105; thus they lost by only eight. It depends upon how one figures.

Some "Noes" aver they won because the proposition was not fully stated in the election call. Many were led to believe that the job of improving Ocean Avenue would cost in all \$7500. They made a moral issue of it when they learned the total estimated cost of the job was \$30,000.

The vote demonstrates that a majority want our main street improved. Three plans are now being discussed. First, a packed gravel road, with curbs and gutters. Second, that the Trustees order a road the same as that on San Carlos Highway, the full expense to be borne by the Ocean Avenue property owners. Third, submitting again the proposition that was defeated last week.

A disgusted "Yes" came into the Pine Cone office the morning after and said "I hope your vitrolie pen has been busy this morning telling the opposition what you think of them." No, good subscriber, we know we'll get a good roadway on Ocean Avenue; only a little more watchful waiting, sore spines and busted parts will hasten matters. Bumpy-bump.

It is said contemplated private improvements involving the expenditure of \$30,000, have been abandoned as a result of the failure of the bonds to carry. A number of big real estate deals have also been halted.

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Property Transactions

Deed: Jennie Coleman to Elbert and Katherine West. Lot 9, Blk 113 Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Deed: Carmel Devp Co. to Lorena Underwood. Lot 12, Block 117, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Deed: Carmel Villas Co. to Mary D. Shaughnessy. Part Carmel Highlands Tract, Ro. San Jose y Sur Chiquito.

Deed: G. H. Marx et ux to Jas L. and Harriet D. Doulton. Lots 15 and 17, Block M; strip 34 feet wide adjoining east end of Lots 15 and 17, Block M, Add. No. 1, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mrs. Frank Gibbs and daughter Elizabeth are here for two months. Mr. Gibbs will come down weekends until his two-weeks' vacation from the bank.

Edgar Hand and son Teddy are spending the week here with their relatives.

The moving picture shows here in August will be the best ever. The bookings will be published next week.

If you read it in the Pine Cone you may safely repeat it.

The Boke family leaves tomorrow for San Francisco. Their large house has been rented to Sydney Joseph and family for three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Henry of Stockton, who have been occupying the Von Needa cottage, will occupy the Watts house through August. Thus the Kleinsmide can take possession of their recent purchase.

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ANNUAL MEETING NOTICE

CARMEL Library Association will hold its Annual Meeting for election of four members of the Board of Trustees and the transaction of other business, in the Library, Monday, August 4, 1919, at 5 o'clock p. m.

The Association consists of permanent residents of Carmel, over eighteen years of age, who have paid a monthly subscription of twenty-five cents per month, or more, for one year past. All members are urged to be present.

Emeline Harrington,

2t Secretary

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8:15 a.m.	11:53 a.m.
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Aug 1	8:46 a.	1:58 p.	8:46 a.	1:58 p.
2	9:25 a.	2:30 p.	9:25 a.	2:30 p.
3	10:09 a.	2:57 p.	10:09 a.	2:57 p.
4	10:58 a.	3:15 p.	10:58 a.	3:15 p.
5	11:57 a.	3:33 p.	11:57 a.	3:33 p.
6	12:57 p.	3:41 p.	12:57 p.	3:41 p.

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How we Miss Him

Everybody in Carmel knew and
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IN GREAT VARIETY AT LOW PRICES

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Several patterns of Inlaid Linoleum
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Down the Coast, 18 miles, in one of
the most beautiful of California's
wonderful canyons. Rooms, board,
cabins. Finest beach, best fishing,
interesting trails, horses, plenty of milk, still water bathing,
and much to interest. Address: Redwood Inn, Mill Creek,
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OPEN EVERY DAY AND NIGHT

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Oils, Tempera (water colors),
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Santa Lucia and Camino Real

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GEORGE J. SEIDENECK

Paintings on Exhibition

at the

BOOK SHOP
Ocean Avenue

Native Plays

Score a Hit

Scores of Carmel folks who
motored down to Carmel High-
lands on Monday evening to wit-
ness two dramatic offerings at the
"Three Corners," the extensive
Criley place, feel that the trip was
very much worth while.

Charlie Van Riper, who looks
like Irvin Cobb—so much so that
knowing him to be a writer—we
think of him as writing like Cobb,
wrote "Shadows." The lines are
beautiful, the action well coordi-
nated, and the story was followed
sympathetically by the audience.

Theodore M. Criley is the author
of "When a Man's Lonely," a
one-act satire on present-day so-
cial conventions. One spectator
was heard to remark "Criley must
be something of a social reformer."
Lem Parton, of the Bulletin,
has written the following for the
Pine Cone:

"The play, which was given in
the patio of the Criley residence,
is a clever one-act sketch, satiriz-
ing irksome conventions. Mr.
Criley's friends were surprised to
learn that his facility as a play-
wright is in keeping with his well-
known aptitude as an amateur
artist.

"Shadows," by Charles King
Van Riper, was staged in the nat-
ural amphitheatre of the Criley es-
tate. It is done in blank verse,
and the scene is laid on the estate
of a Spanish Don. As in the
Criley play, the action moves to
an ironical climax. An innocent
man is punished and a cringing
wretch is rewarded. In some con-
cluding declamatory lines, the
priest proclaims that all is well,
but the audience knows, that after
the fashion of life itself, things
have gone awry.

"Mr. Hodgson Strode gave a fine
characterization of the 'Felon.'
Mr. John Gribner's 'Fugitive' was
equally convincing. Other good
bits were Mr. Criley's 'Beggar,'
Mr. F. R. Bechdolt's 'Priest,' and
Mr. H. A. James' 'Philosopher.'
Miss Marian Boke gave an excel-
lent portrayal of the 'Fool,' this
character being the philosophical
offset to the unctious piety of the
priest.

"In their efforts to stimulate
native dramatic art in California,
the Carmel players are to be
credited with a distinct achieve-
ment in Monday's night's per-
formance."